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war, and destruction of architecture, in the columns of newspapers. The Niagara Exhibition is in the Stuyvesant Institute.

**STATUETTES.**—It is a question frequently asked, "Where can a good statuette in plaster be found?" In answer to this question we have to state that Mr. S. G. Unnevehr, No. 297 Broadway, is prepared to fulfil orders for statuettes and other repetitions of Thorwaldsen's finest works. We need not say that a good cast of a good work is far more desirable than a bad bronze of any kind of work, a description of artful production more erroneous in this city than it should be.

**PUPILS.**—Mr. T. Hicks opens his studio for the reception of students who desire to be instructed practically in the art of painting. Mr. Hick's fine studio offers great facilities, such as lights, casts to draw from, and convenient apartments. The opportunity is one not to be overlooked, particularly as Mr. Hick's experience and knowledge of painting so well qualify him to be a competent instructor.

**MESSRS. GOUPIL'S CATALOGUE.**—We reprint on the advertisement page of the present number, that portion of their catalogue which was advertised in the December number, in order that the catalogue may commence with the first number of the new volume.

Mr. Editor :

Newport, Nov. 10, 1856.

YOUR correspondent from New York, in answer to my letter from this place, takes me to task for some error, in which I am willing to stand corrected. The beautiful little house, whose design I attributed to Father Fitten, is quite as creditable, in my estimation, for being the work of Mr. Tefft, of Providence. If Mr. T. continues to show the same taste and knowledge in his future productions, he will, indeed, be of great service to the Arts in Rhode Island. The head of such a man is sadly wanting in the recent architecture of Newport. I am not willing, by any means, to concede to your correspondent any other opinion; for I am sure that the cultivated intellect of Mr. Tefft would appreciate the truth of my strictures upon the buildings in Newport generally.

That the present friends of Mr. Stuart never heard of his comic pencil, is no evidence that he did not indulge in that kind of Art. My story of the chalk drawing on the door of his father's house is true; and it is true also that he often amused his friends by comic drawing in afterlife. I have heard his intimate friend, John R. Smith, relate many anecdotes of his caricaturing his friends and acquaintances. I once possessed a pen-and-ink drawing made by him, and given to me by Mr. Smith, of a camp-wagon, loaded with a motley crowd of men and camp utensils, drawn by a long line of skeleton horses. It was treated so as to amuse by its grotesqueness. Mr. Stuart was very fond of making fun on paper of his own quaint face; and I think "his friends here" would profit by looking up some of his old friends "here" and there, for a better knowledge of his traits of character.

**OBITUARY.**—It pains us to be obliged to record the death of Albert G. Hoit, of Boston. Mr. Hoit died on Friday, December 19th, of dropsy, after a confinement of several months. The late hour at which we receive this intelligence limits us to the simple announcement. We can only add that we mourn the loss of one of the best and truest of men, as well as the loss of an artist, who lived and died an honor to the profession. He sincerely loved Art, and labored faithfully in his calling.

## Studies among the Leaves.

In looking over some of our gathered excerpts, and books and papers of the month, we find nothing so good to open our selection, as the introductory passage to some Essays on the Fine Arts, which Coleridge published in a Bristol paper, in 1814, chiefly in elucidation of some of Allston's pictures, then on exhibition in that city. They form now a part of the appendix of the English edition of COOTLE'S REMINISCENCES.

"It will not appear complimentary to liken editors of newspapers, in one respect, to galley-slaves; but the likeness is not the less apt on that account, and a simile is not expected to go on all fours. When storms blow high in the political atmosphere, the events of the day fill the sails, and the writer may draw in his oars, and let his brain rest; but when calm weather returns, then comes, too, the *tug of toil*, hard work and little speed. \* \* \* \* He consoles himself by the reflection that these troublesome times occasioned thousands to acquire a habit, and almost a necessity of, reading, which it now becomes his object to retain by the gradual substitution of a milder stimulant, which, though less intent, is more permanent, and, by its greater divergency, no less than duration, even more pleasurable. And how can he hail and celebrate the return of peace more worthily: and more appropriately, than by exerting his best faculties to direct the taste and affections of his readers to the noblest works of peace. The tranquillity of nations permits our patriotism to repose. We are now allowed to think and feel as men, for all that may confer honor on human nature; not ignorant, meantime, that the greatness of a nation is by no distant links connected with the celebrity of its individual citizens; that whatever raises our country in the eyes of the civilized world, will make that country dearer and more venerable to its inhabitants, and thence actually more powerful and more worthy of love and veneration. Add to (what in a great, commercial city will not be deemed trifling or inappertinent) the certain reaction of the Fine Arts on the more immediate utilities of life."

We may consider that the strife from which we have just emerged is that war of opinion consequent on our recurring national elections, and apply the remarks to ourselves, although somewhat different circumstances allow no cessation to our oars.

We saw recently, for the first time, one of Ruskin's earliest productions—a little fairy tale, which, it seems, was written for a very young lady, in 1841 (five years before the publication of the first volume of the *Modern Painters*), and a London publisher, this last year, has obtained the author's passive consent to print it. It is entitled, "*The King of the Golden River*"; or, *The Black Brothers; a legend of Stiria*," and illustrated by Richard Doyle. We copy one paragraph, as a specimen of that descriptive writing for which Ruskin is now so famous:

"It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains; their lower cliffs, in pale, grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced in long level rays through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning, and far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow."

A volume of poems, by W. W. STORRY, the sculptor, published

in Boston, has come to our notice, from which we take this exquisite piece:

AT DIEFFER.

"The shivering column of the moonlight lies  
Upon the crumbling sea;  
Down the lone shore the flying curlew cries  
Half humanly.

"With hoarse, dull wash, the backward-dragging surge,  
Its rancid pebbles rakes,  
Or swelling, dark, runs down with toppling verge,  
And flashing, breaks.

"The light-house flares and darkens from the cliff,  
And stares with lurid eye,  
Fiercely, along the sea and shore, as if  
Some foe to spy.

"What knowing thought, oh ever-moaning sea,  
Haunts thy perturbed breast—  
What dark crime weighs upon thy memory,  
And spoils thy rest?

"Thy soft swell lifts and swings the new launched yacht,  
With polished spars and deck,  
But crawls and grovels where the bare ribs rot  
Of the old wreck.

"Oh, treacherous courtier! thy deceitful lie  
To youth, is gayly told.  
But, in remorse, I see thee, cringingly,  
Crouch to the old."

We fall also upon many happy turns, such as—

"Oh! faint, delicious, spring-time violet,  
Thine odor, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards, to let  
A tangle of sorrow free."

And this on the *Artist's life*:—

"As rooted to the rock the yearning sea-weed grows,  
And sways unto the tide, and feels its ebbs and flows.  
So unto Reason fixed, yet floating ever free,  
In Feeling's ebb and flow the Artist's life should be."

—we may also appropriate the following:—

"The young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells,  
The limitless within Art's bounded outline dwells.  
Of every noble work the silent part is best,  
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed."

"The scholar, like a ship, is filled with foreign store,  
Yet oft his life and thoughts are barnacled with lore."

"Love is the only key of knowledge as of art,  
Nothing is truly ours but what we learn by heart."

"Where thou art strong and stout, thy friend to thee will show—  
Where thou art weak alone is taught thee by thy foe."

#### SEED-GRAIN FOR THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.\*

If these two substantial volumes find their way to the retreats of contemplative men, they will be sure to show the marks of usage, for a better-fraught compilation we have seldom seen. Meretricious ornament has been discarded; even the subtler fancies of poetry, and the bulk of what we have is,

\* "Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion." A compilation by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

in good earnest, unequivocal prose. What has been found good in an extensive reading has been culled, and from sources ranging from the *CRAYON* to Shakespeare, from Dr. John Smith to Sir Thomas Browne. It is another proof of the vast intuitive powers of Ruskin, to find him quoted almost in every connection. The editress has been a rational school teacher, and these excerpts were made originally for her scholars, "to excite thought and discussion," and "they are now arranged in a series for general reading, and for subjects of conversation, when young people interested in such topics are met together." To judge from the partiality shown in the selections, we should deem she approves of Helps, Jeremy Taylor, Hare, Antoninus, Bishop Hall, Carlyle, Emerson, Sterling, Coleridge, Sadi, J. H. Thom, Thoreau, Goethe, Richter, and Clough, as the authors most productive of future harvests for their readers. She should, in any event, have made the contents of these volumes more accessible by an index, which we are sorry to find they lack.

We turn now to a new English book, *Aphorisms on Drawing*, by the Rev. S. C. Mahan, A.M. Longman & Co. The author, we believe, is a noted amateur, and has illustrated Mr. Layard's books. A few paragraphs will show the character of the work:

"Drawing is human Art in imitation of Nature. By Nature I mean here God's works and man's, though they widely differ from each other. Those are always perfect; these, more or less, defective. For instance, we may see a beautiful effect of light, which is God's work, upon a building, worthless in every line of design, which is man's Art. [Surely not "worthless," if light produce an "effect" on it.] Hence we may consider drawing in a two-fold aspect—as *positive or real*, and as only *relative*. In proportion as our feeling of the beauties of Nature is greater, we are less satisfied with our own drawing in imitation of them. This feeling of disappointment seldom or never occurs in relative drawing—imitation of man's work, for what one man did another may.

In regard to inaccuracy of drawing in celebrated pictures, we quote:

"Raphael ought never to have attempted landscape, for his backgrounds kill his perfect figures. In the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' not only is the perspective of the water incorrect, but both our Saviour and St. Peter are put together in a boat too small to carry one man in safety. [May not this have been intended for a miraculous prevention on the part of our Saviour?] In the 'Lord's Supper,' by Da Vinci, the table as it is drawn, cannot possibly stand, for the trusses on which it rests have only one side."

There is a spirit in the next we like:

"I recollect being one day at Città di Pieve, where, as a matter of course, I was taken from one end of the town to the other, to see some of Perugino's pictures. I got weary of his figures, awry and dressed in buckram, and of his buildings, out of perspective, and I was reluctantly passing through the sacristy of a church, to be shown some more of them, when I beheld, nailed against the wall, but without a frame, a beautiful oil painting of our Saviour, giving the keys to St. Peter. It was a relief at last to dwell on those fine figures, dressed in good drapery; and I asked my guide if he could tell me the author of that painting. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'He did not know; for it was nobody's; it had no fame.'"

PLAYS AND POEMS: By George H. Boker. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

We suspect Mr. Boker must be accounted one of our most successful dramatists; and since Shelley wrote *The Cenci*, no English writer has produced plays of more thorough vitality.

That Shakspeare and his compeers of the drama of the Elizabethan epoch, have been long-cherished companions of his study-hours, no one need be informed after an attentive perusal of his works. They have become the soil he works in, and whatever he plants grows with the nourishment of its mould. The turn of thought, more than of expression, betrays the friendly occupation; yet, at intervals, the very words, which still ring in our ears, from former enjoyments of our reading in that department, stand staringly before us, not, we are constrained to believe, in the borrowed attitude of plagiarism, but with a self-composure, that makes us doubt their origin—so completely assimilated to the passing thought have they become. Even his tragedy-fool accosts you with the same smirk and effrontery, and proves his own saying, that—

"You may make princes out of any stuff,  
Fools come by Nature!"

Lamb made a famous attempt at the Shaksperian mood in his *John Woodvile*, but he lost the spirit, and clothed a mummy in its garb. There is a straight-forward, earnest, throbbing life in these tragedies of Boker, that impress the memory more with the tenacity of an actuality than poetic dream. The language is evidently under control, and, like a prudent actor, he knows how to husband his strength. He has a natural aptitude for tragic expression, and has managed to impart to it vigor and directness, despite of a certain length and circumlocution that the so-called dignity of tragedy invariably introduces. Take an instance in a description of a thieves' quarter in London, which he puts into the poet Wyatt's mouth:

"Here is a place as innocent of rule  
As the dun sands of savage Araby.  
Here pilferers divide their filched rags,  
And bolder robbers share their golden spoils;  
Here crime is native, natural, unabashed,  
Walking abroad in easy confidence;  
Here treason stalks, the dreaded ghost of courts,  
Whetting his knife and mixing deadly bowls.  
From yonder porch I heard a hoarse-voiced Jew  
Harangue a crowd of frowning murderers,  
Cursing the king, the State, the holy church,  
Until he choked with mere malignity.  
On yonder steps I saw a quiet wretch  
Coolly thrust in an ell or so of steel  
Between his brother's ribs. There they both walk,  
The Jew and murderer. No law is here,  
Save what the dwellers make, and that is shifting."

*Calaynos*, the earliest of his tragedies, turns upon the deadly hate the Castilian bears against the taint of Moorish blood,\* while the catastrophe is hastened by the unsuspectance of a recluse, who

"Looks on pleasure as a kind of sin,  
Calls pastime, waste-time."

It has something of that same simplicity that charms us in *Douglas*. The subjects of two others are Spanish and Italian, while the story of Anne Boleyn forms the staple of an English plot. From this last we select:

"Each genuine poet in each poem forms  
What neither he nor any other man,  
Though he were equal in capacity,  
Can shape again. The moods of poets' minds  
Are, like the colors of chameleons,  
Seen in the same particulars but once."

In *The Podesta's Daughter*, a dramatic sketch, wrought with fine sensibilities, we have marked a scene of two lovers, in an ancestral castle—

\* We venture to question the introduction of ancestral Moorish portraits in this play. The Koran forbids effigies certainly, but we know the Moors so far infringed as to have them in ornamentation (witness the Alhambra), but we doubt the allowing of personal portraits. Can some of our readers produce positive evidence?

"Often I caught them standing rapt before  
*Some barbarous portrait grim with early art—*  
A Gorgon, to a nicely-balanced eye,  
That scarcely hinted at humanity;  
Yet they could crown it with the port of Jove,  
Make every wrinkle a heroic scar,  
And light that garbage of forgotten times,  
With such a legendary halo, as would add  
Another lustre to the golden book.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He showed the pictures and the blazoned books,  
The glittering armor, and the oaken screen,  
Grotesque with wry-faced purgatorial shapes,  
Twisted through all its leaves and knotted vines;  
And the grand solemn window, rich with forms  
Of showy saints in holiday array  
Of green, gold, red, orange, and violet,  
With the pale Christ, who lowered above them all,  
Dropping a ruby splendor from his side."

*The Ivory Carver* shows how an artist's skill may become subservient to his wavering mood. Mr. Boker's merits as a dramatist, we think, eclipse his qualifications as the poet of songs or sonnets; but yet we cannot read these latter productions of his pen without feeling the influence of his scholarly and refined tastes. Such few of his poems as are of a political tendency, as his ode and sonnets to England, bespeak large sympathies, and are expressed in becoming terseness. A few passages from the poems will explain what we mean by the rare fitness of his secondary thoughts.

"And all I seek  
Is a calm welcome in their lighted eyes  
And quiet murmurs, that appear to come  
More from the heart than lips."

"I have a cottage where my days shall close  
Calm as the setting of a feeble star."

This next borders more on a conceit than is his wont—

"From the sunset flows the river,  
Melting all its waves in one;  
Seeming like a pathway lately  
Radiant with an angel's tread;  
And yon vessel moving stately  
Is the heavenly one sedately  
Walking with his wings outspread."

"The vernal meadow round me blooms,  
And flings to me its faint perfumes;  
Its breath is like an opening tomb's;  
I'm sick of life,—I'm weary!"

There is much of a poem entitled *Vestigia Retrorseum*, to be quoted for the same reason; but we must close. Mr. Boker is a thorough master of the art of verse, barring some needless inversions of the natural order, which, if it was indulged in to satisfy a tragic dignity, is a poor refuge for any one, and doubly miserable for one who has no need of it. In one poem we were somewhat surprised at the vulgarism implied in the rhyming of "close" and "clothes;" and in the tragedy of *Francesca*, at the ludicrous frequency with which, by stage-direction, the characters are enjoined to "laughter."

The publishers have done their share in a manner much to be approved.

A NUMBER of letters on Art have lately appeared in the *Independent*. The author is Mr. J. G. B. Brown, of Newburg, N. Y. It is encouraging to find occasionally thoughts about Art, evidently proceeding from a mind acquainted with the subject. We regret that we have only room for a few extracts, by which our readers can judge of the feeling of the writer:

"It is not by knowing multitudes of people, that you learn to recog-

nize the loveliest spirit. The student, in selecting a companion, would never ask how many galleries he has visited, but rather "to what class of impressions is he open?"

"We are rising to meet the spirit of every noble work, if by discipline in virtue we are growing familiar with the face of excellence."

"Nature is saturated with moral law, and if Art be not a distinct expression of the best we know of Nature, it can never withdraw us a moment from the study and enjoyment of Nature."

"Sentimentality is an over-estimate of the softer emotions, is a very subtle kind of pretension, and is more or less offensive as it is more or less selfish. It is the twilight of poetry, as vanity is the dawning of honor, and we must all pass through the experience of it, as we must once have the mumps and the measles."

"Men and women as they run, are worth meeting, because they may be magnetized into nobleness by your motives and character; but in a book or picture, common-place is intolerable. Every work is bad and false which merely seeks to reproduce what runs in the road. Truth respects the effort of that original plastic energy to break up our routine of convention, and inaugurate new manners, and institute society by introducing man to man. The young women in America have discovered how easy it is to represent every-day life. The book-stores are catacombs of sketches, 'so natural,' of what we meet at tea-parties and see in the pews on Sunday. But every imitation of internal traits alone is false to Nature. She does not love cramp, and narrowness, and formality, but the instinct of freedom and universal desire for a brighter and better life."

"We cannot be long in learning that admission to what is really great and admirable, is instant self-forgetfulness. In all sincere reverence and enjoyment, we are conscious only of the quality of that which we behold. The heart is not deeply moved while we can count its beatings."

"The day refuses to be filled with eating, with play, with titles, with diplomas and applauses, with friends and companions. We see that the fountains are not hidden in any position, or society, or accident. But thought and affection, a worthy task, a lofty hope, a power to cheer and to inspire, to counsel and invigorate men, will leave you nothing to seek, but endless continuance of such satisfaction. We desire to be lovers and benefactors, to make our coming everywhere a holiday, and our conduct and influence an expectation to all. But the masters of joy and beauty are rich, not in external, but in most interior resources. To insight and probity, the world is full of meaning and interest. There is no speech that can carry the delight of living, when once we have learned to live."

RUSKIN AGAIN.—*Blackwood*, for November, has a long article on "Ruskin and his Theories—Sublime and Ridiculous," which can be judged of by a single sentence, where the reviewer speaks of his third volume "Modern Painters," as "in short, fully sustaining Mr. Ruskin's well-earned reputation as a critic, a dogmatist, and an honest sophist, and as such is well calculated to instruct the wise, alarm the timid, and mislead the weak." He states one of his positions somewhat thus: The devil, as well as God, is at work; the latter producing *truths*, the former only *facts*, which should not be confounded in allying *Truth and Beauty*; and truths are beautiful just in proportion to their being *divine*. Thus, when Ruskin says "as much beauty as is possible, consistently with truth," he speaks falsely, for if *truth* means *God's truth*, it is beauty itself; while, in a latitudinarian sense, it embraces *devil's truth*, which is no truth, but *untruth*. On these grounds the reviewer combats Mr. Ruskin's dogma (as he called it), that "true Art primarily concerns itself with truth, and false Art sacrifices truth to beauty."

The reviewer next discusses the question: how ought the existence of evil to be treated by Art? which, he believes, can be justly introduced, only so far as it is overruled by a permanent good. Moralists, for a balance, appeal to future retribution; artists must make the compensation accompany the evil, for they are only allowed a moment of time; hence, to justify the ways of God to man, they must afford retribution by anticipation.

The reviewer naturally disparages the P. R. B. and their

champion, Mr. Ruskin, in so far as he is such. We quote the conclusion of the review:

"There are many who would place Mr. Ruskin among the fixed stars in the heavens, or, indeed, make him the central pole-star in the firmament. Some, however, finding it difficult to revolve round his axis—discovering, moreover, that he himself takes on an eccentric motion of his own—are compelled to class him among comets, carrying consternation and fire-brands through the sky. Others, again, on closer observation, finding his movements defy calculation, place him in the category of meteors and falling stars; while some again, seeing only his fitful vagaries among the bogs and fens of the earth, have deemed him nothing but the Will-o-the-Wisp phantom, alluring the ignorant, and misleading the benighted traveller. For ourselves, we believe he fulfills all these offices; that he is the sun to illumine earth and sky; and again, that his genius, suffering eclipse, or serving baser uses, becomes for a season but the candle in the dark lantern."

TO OUR YOUNG READERS.—*The Last of the Huggermuggers*.\* A Giant story for children, by G. P. Cranch. We are very much mistaken if national curiosity, as it shows itself in the young, does not ferret out this book amid the crowd of juvenile works, published for holiday books, and read it on account of its name. We confess that such an impulse induced us to read the book, and we are glad that we yielded to it. There is a great secret in the book. The story tells about how two people grew to be very large, and, what is better, very good. They lived on an island, and the kind manner in which they treated Little Jacket and Mr. Nabbum (who was afterwards cheated by Providence, as all people like him are finally cheated), is both pleasant to read about and very instructive. We are tempted to extract the Yankee-doodle ballad which the book contains, but we refrain, as it would tell the story too quickly. The author, Mr. Cranch, has designed his own illustrations, and they are exceedingly well done. We state further that there is a "dwarf" character in the book, named KOBBOLOZO. We are told that Mr. Cranch is to tell his young friends more about this queer shoemaker. Perhaps the book is published at the time our young friends are reading this notice. If so, we are sure their curiosity, like ours, will not be satisfied until they know his fate.

RED BEARD'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN,† in rhyme, translated from the German, is also a clever book. We can indorse the following:

"The illustrations for this book are of the most novel and taking kind. They are in imitation of the *silhouettes*, or pictures cut out by scissors, in which our ancestors' portraits have often been preserved. The pictures are numerous, spirited, and effective. The stories are worthy of their elegant dress."

We wish an introduction to aesthetics could be written in a way as alluring to youth as that of *The Young Yagers* (the last of Capt. Mayne Reid's juveniles relative to hunting life in South Africa, and published by Ticknor, of Boston) is for rendering attractive an insight into natural history. In speaking of the deceit with which mountain atmosphere acts upon those unfamiliar with its effects, in judging of distances, Captain Reid comments thus: "There is a peculiarity about the attainment of knowledge, of which I do not claim to be the discoverer, for others may have discovered it as well; but up to this hour I have met with no promulgation of it. It is this, that every truth is overshadowed by a *sophism*, more like the truth than truth itself. The law holds good throughout the whole extent of the moral, intellectual, and material world."

\* Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. Illustrated by the Author.

† Published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston. Large octavo.